

## The Parable of "Economical Dollars"

**N**OW it came to pass that when all the mighty nations were at war one with the other and our own Columbia had girded up her loins and right valiantly entered into the combat, and the four corners of the world echoed to the sound of mighty cannonading and the smoke of many battlefields shut off from the eyes of the angels the carnage that was wrought, that throughout the length and breadth of our land and throughout the lands of our allies, the good old American dollar was largely responsible for the ultimate success of the Christian spirit and the perpetuation of democracy.

And though our dollars were all stamped of the same die, they were of divers kinds; and though they were of the same value in silver metal, they were of divers worth; and though each minted dollar announced in no uncertain way "E Pluribus Unum," there were many "backsliding simoleons" among the coinage of our land.

And it is written in the pages of history that of all the dollars that had "honorable mention," the "Economical Dollars" most often appeared in the limelight. And that you may know whereof is an "Economical Dollar" and how to differentiate between those dollars that were and those dollars that were not, your teller of tales must needs go back over the stretch of time to the days when the "Economical Dollar" was created.

In the fourth month of the year, our nation "stood up to be counted," and directly a propaganda of conservation was rampant in our land, and instead of stopping the "waste" as was intended, it was, in the main, misinterpreted, and there were those who "doped it" to mean that they and their neighbor should "cut down" on the laundry bill and go sockless, and that over night their dollars lost all of its activity and became decrepit, as the aged among us, to be cared for carefully and in the fullness of time "laid away." And they did "lay them away" in such a manner that their dollars did not see the light of day. This was the hoarded money—the slinking, cringing, cowardly dollar that did no man good—the dollar that went into the bomb-proof shelter and locked the door against the necessity of its companions.

And, again, there were the dollars of certain of our wealthy—the snug, disdainful, haphty dollars that were always so worn out from their social duties that they could not "shake a leg" when the sun shone, but whiled away their time within the cool vaults of our financial institutions playing bridge for the drinks or tidewinks for mint frapes. And these were the worthless dollars to the cause of our country, the spineless insignia of purposeless wealth that announced their presence only by their clinking one with the other.

And, lastly, there was the "Economical Dollar"—the shining light that made history, that won battles, and that gave to the Christian spirit the

perpetuation that we are now enjoying. The "Economical Dollar" was alert; its cognomen of economy was synonymous with efficiency. It meant speeding up, not slowing down. The "Economical Dollar's" slogan was "Business As Usual." The "Economical Dollar" believed in doing its best and doing the best it could influence. It believed in the joining of hands of every man, woman and child that the great resources of the land should be activated and that patriotism might live in the land that God and our forefathers gave. The "Economical Dollar" believed in spending—intelligent spending—in the distribution of information of how, and where, and when goods might be had to meet every human requirement. It believed not in hoarding; it believed in sowing—sowing in the business soil of America that in the days before the great war had been scarcely touched.

The "Economical Dollar" was as a wise man and a leader withal that caught up the colors of the Cross that stand for every worthwhile thought and deed in the history of the world, and implanted those colors high on the hill that those who came after might have a safe pathway to the Valley wherein we are taught that "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

The "Economical Dollar" saved the day and lived fully up to the slogan of its ancestors "E Pluribus Unum."—The Saturday Spectator.

### FREE SPEECH

An old negro woman, according to Harper's, had lived with a certain family in the South for many years. One day her mistress had occasion to reprimand her quite sharply for something that had gone wrong. The negress said nothing at the time, but a little later her voice could be heard in the kitchen in shrill vituperation of everything and everybody, with a rattling accompaniment of pans and kettles. So loud became the clamor and so vindictive the exclamation that Mrs. C. went hurriedly down to the kitchen.

"Why, 'Liza," she began, in amazement, "who on earth are you talking to?"

"I ain't talkin' to nobody," the old negress replied, "but I don't keer who in dis house hyars me!"

### A HARD BLOW

The politician rushed past the official Cerberus into the editorial sanctum.

"What do you mean?" he roared. "What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's Clamor?"

"Just a moment," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us, namely, that you had resigned as city treasurer?"

"It did. But you put it under the head of 'Public Improvements.'"

### GETTING EVEN

"Say, I got a good one on Jimsby last night."

"How so?"

"It was raining hard when we got off the train and he asked me to share his umbrella."

"Well, what of that?"

"You see, I'm quite a bit taller than he, so I offered to carry the umbrella."

"Yes."

"And when we came to my house I walked up the path and left him to get rained on."

"A pretty mean joke, wasn't it, keeping his umbrella?"

"His umbrella nothing! It was one I'd missed for a week."—Judge.

### A STEADY JOB

"Can you tell me," said the court, addressing Enrico Ufuzzi, under examination at Union Hill, New Jersey, as to his qualifications for citizenship, "the difference between the powers and prerogatives of the King of England and those of the President of the United States?" "Yezzir," spoke up Ufuzzi promptly, as reported by the San Francisco Argonaut, "King, he got steady job."



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